And comes not in, ouer-rulde by prophecies,
I feare the power of Percy is to weake,
To wage an inſtant triall with the King.
Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you neede not feare,
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there-
Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy
And there is my Lord of Worceſter, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble gentlemen.
Arch. And ſo there is, but yet the king hath drawne
The ſpeciall head of al the land together.
The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter,
The noble Weſtmerland, and warlike Blunt,
And many mo coriuales and deare men
Of eſtimation, and command in armes.
Sir M. Doubt not my L. he ſhall be well oppos'd
Arch. I hope no leſſe, yet, needfull t'is to feare,
And to preuent the worſt, ſir Mighell, ſpeede:
For if Lord Percy thriue not ere the King
Diſmiſſe his power, he meanes to viſit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And, tis but wiſedome to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therfore make haſt I muſt go write againe
To other friendes & ſo farewell, ſir Mighell. *Exeunt.*
Enter the King, Prince of wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter,
Earle of Weſtmerland, Sir Walter Blunt and Falſtaffe.
King. How bloudily the ſunne begins to peare,
Aboue yon busky hill, the day looks pale
At his diſtemperature.
Prince The Southerne wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And by hollow whiſtling in the leaues,
Foretels a tempeſt and a bluſtring day.
King. Then, with the loſers let it ſimpathize,
For nothing can ſeeme foule to thoſe that winne.
The trumpet ſounds. Enter Worceſter.
King. How now, my Lord of Worceſter? tis not well.
That you and I ſhould meete vpon ſuch tearmes,

As

As now we meete. You haue deceiude our truſt,
And made vs doffe our eaſie robes of peace,
To cruſh our old lims in vngentle ſteele:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to it? will you againe vnknit
This churliſh knot of all abhorred war?
And moue in that obedient orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigie of feare, and a portent
Of broched miſchiefe to the vnborne times?
Wor. Heare me, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the lag end of my life
With quiet houres. For I proteſt,
I haue not ſought the day of this diſlike.
King. You haue not ſought it: how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prin Peace, chewet peace.
Wor. It pleaſde your Maieſty to turne your lookes
Of fauour, from my ſelfe, and all our houſe,
And yet I muſt remember you my Lord:
We were the firſt and deareſt of your friends,
For you my ſtaffe of office did I breake,
In Richards time, & poſted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiſſe your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate as I.
It was my ſelfe, my brother and his ſonne
That brought you home, and boldly did outdate
The dangers of the time. You ſwore to vs,
And you did ſweare that oth at Dancaſter
That you did nothing purpoſe gainſt the ſtate
Nor claime no further, then your new falne right,
The ſeat of Gaunt, Dukedome of Lancaſter,
To this, we ſwore our aide: but in ſhort ſpace
It raind down fortune ſhowring on your head,
And ſuch a flood of greatnes fell on you,

 What